HOUSEHOLD.

The Old Homestead.

Where the old pine stands so tall and straight, Guarding alone its dying mate From the winds which sway it to and fro, And the cruel winter's hail and snow, There stands half hid, 'neath living and dead, The logs that remain of the old Homestead.

The path is winding that leads you down From the old stage road to that sacred ground, And the flowers planted in days of yore Still bloom as sweet by the old oak door; And the ivy yet by nature is fed, And creeps o'er the roof of the old Homestead

Oh that the years might turn in their flight, To look from to-day back into the night! Bring back the scenes of the dear old home, And place each form 'round the old hearth-And to hear the voices of those long dead

Ring out once more in the old Homestead! See Grandma knitting in her old arm chair, Stockings and socks for us children to wear; While we for whom so much was done, Thought little of work but lots of fun; And never were ready to go to bed, Up in the attic of the old Homestead.

Grandpa with pipe is reading the news, While mother is greasing the children's shoes; And Rover out side with his piping bark Is keeping vigilance in the dark, Filling the hearts of those with dread Who come at night to the old Homestead.

"How calm it seems here,"-has it always No; things were quite different a few years brown. When we fished in the creek at the foot of the

Whose waters turned slowly the wheel of the The mill which at that time clothed and fel The gay little ones in the old Homestead.

So I hope you may stand, old pine tree dear, A sentinel yet for many a year. ou've been so faithful, kind and true, To more than the one who planted you; And drop there a tear by the old Homestead. ordinary holder. -[Lee H. Rose.

A Wise Mother.

"Don't tell mother. She'll go off into a fit if you do. There's not the slightest danger, but she frets ever nothing." The speaker was a boy of about fourteen

years of age, and his audience consisted of opposite ends. several companions. As he spoke a lady happened to be passing.

she went her way. "How many mothers there are of whom that has been said by their children, and with truth !" who fret unnecessarily are not the ones who atmosphere, but dampness is an enemy.

have the greatest influence over their power of influence when it is really need snowy linen.

casual call, found her so restless as to be quite unable to attend to her regular duties about the house.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Is any one sick ?"

"No," replied the mother, half laugh. ing, half crying; "and I suppose I am very foolish. The truth is, my boys have just erected a trapeze at the back of the house, and I am greatly depressed with the fear that one of them may be killed."

"Why don't you compel them to take it down, then?" said the visitor. "I should like to see myself worrying about a trouble that could be so easily removed. You are surprisingly weak and foolish

about those boys of yours." Her voice was so full of scorn that it aroused the mother's spirit, and taking her visitor to the window, she pointed to a group of boys whom she had just caught

"Isn't that boy in the brown cap yours?" she asked:

"Yes," was the reply. "And who are the other boys?"

"I really don't know; how should I?" have my boys seen in their company. I

the trapeze; the danger is no greater." The visitor turned, with a very red face. "You have taught me a lesson," she said. "Yet, I do not see why, in our endeavor to keep our boys at home, we should allow them to have amusements which are a source of worry to ourselves."

"Very nervous people cannot stand every sort of boyish play," returned the mother with a significant smile. "I know that I am naturally nervous, and disposed to find danger in everything. I also know that it is perfectly natural for healthy boys to enjoy play in which there is an element of danger, and that they will be sure to engage in it some time, with or without consent. If my boys must perform on a trapeze, I would rather it would be at home, where I can give them immediate attention in case of an accident; and as I have concluded to accept it as one of the lesser evils, I do not intend to spoil their enjoyment by letting them see how nervous

it makes me." "Well, I believe your boys are wonderful stay-at-homes," said the visitor thoughtfully.

There are surely some mothers who need the useful lesson it teaches.

Tried Recipes.

ful of mustard. Set the dish in boiling persons. water and stir constantly until of the consistency of cream, add pepper and salt, pour over the potatoes and mix lightly.

Salmon and Potato Balls.-Add to potato that has been mashed with a little cream, a nebber-was."one third of its bulk of canned salmon. Mix

alike: If preferred, they may be browned in the frying pan on top of the stove.

Luncheon Cake. - One cupful of sugar, one-half cup of butter worked to a fine cream, one egg, one cupful of sweet milk, two cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with grated nutmeg. Bake in a shallow pan well lined with buttered paper. It is a good way to frost the top of this cake and decorate it with English

Corn Griddle Cakes .- Sift a pint of corn meal, add salt to taste and a tablespoonful of lard, mix with sweet milk into a thin batter about the consistency of boiled cus-Beat three eggs separately, add the volks, and just before you begin cooking the cakes stir in the beaten whites. Have a griddle very hot, but not hot enough to burn, grease it well and put down the batter to cook in large spoonfuls, one spoonful to a place, turn over the cakes quickly. Sponge Cake. -One large cup of sugar, four eggs beaten light, three tablespoonfuls one large cup of flour ; flavor with lemon. This makes a small cake. It should be baked in a shallow, square pan, and eaten fresh.

Browned Potatoes.—Let potatoes boil until they are nearly done; half an hour before taking your meat roast from the oven put the potatoes in the dripping pan with it and baste them often with the meat gravy. Serve as soon as they are a delicate

About The House. Wire dish cloths are very helpful in

washing ironware. Mix stove polish with strong soap-suds; this gives a lustre without too much hard

A small, durable match-safe of iron,

costing a dime, should surely have its special place in an aspiring or well ordered Two widths of cheese cloth as long as the dining table will be a good protector. Sew

the selvege edges together and hem the As you wash the dishes carry them back

to the table instead of putting them in the "Frets over nothing!" she repeated, as china closet, and set the table ready for Do not imagine you are wasting fuel by

opening the windows when the room is too It is undeniably true that the mothers warm. Fresh air is essential to a healthful An effective table cloth when well laun-

children. The reason is, that by allowing dried is a heavy, perfectly plain damask, themselves to fret over matters of very which in its unbroken expanse of shining little consequence, they are apt to lose their purity well carries out the suggestion of

The varieties and patterns in table linens There is a wise mother whom we know are almost endless. No linen damask is who is almost continually exercised in her made in this country and the liben damasks mind on account of her extreme nervous- to be found in every well equipped linen ness. One day a lady visitor, making a closet are imported. The old-fashioned patterns such as the "snowdrop" of our great grandmothers, the blocks of France, the clover-leaf and shamrock, possess a certain elegance and simplicity that will sustain their popularity.

TWO HUND REDINDIANS

Starved to Death in Far-Off Labrador.

A Quebec special says : - A private letter received here from Messrs. Low and Eaton, of the Geological Survey of Canada, who left last June via lake St. John and Mistassani for Ungava bay, near the extreme northern limit of the Labrado minsula, conveys the startling intelligence that some 200 Nascapee and Montagnais Indians were starved to death last winter in Northern Labrador. It is not known definitely how the letter came from Ungava bay. It was received at Lake St. John by Mr. Cummins, who has sent extracts only from it to a friend in town. It is probable that it came via England, however, and reached there by the Hudson bay vessel that annually plies to Ungava bay and Hudson straits. The expe-It would hurt me." she continued, "to at the end of August, after an exceedingly Then he wanted to go home the interior of Labrador, which lasted prefer to run the risk of their falling from about two months. They expected to winter at Fort Chimo, situated on the Koksoak river which flows into Ungava bay, but were compelled to push on to Esquimaux bay in consequence of a shortage of supplies at Fort Chimo. This is attributed to the distress in which the Indians were found last winter, the officials claiming to have distributed to such of them as reached the fort alive tully two years' stock of the fort's provisions.

Next spring, in order to resume their explorations, Messrs. Low and Eaton will have to retrace their steps to Ungava. The destitution of last winter amongst the Indians is due to the almost entire failure of the cariboo hunt last autumn. Usually at the approach of winter these animals come from the interior towards the coast in enormous herds and hundreds are often killed in a single day and their flesh frozen for winter use. The Indians there have scarcely anything else to look to for the means of subsistence.

A House Built of Sea-Shells.

The ruins of some very strange habita-"And I know that I have their confid- tions are to be found all over Arizona. The ence," replied the mother. "They call most of them are built of adobe or concrete, me a 'right good fellow,' and say that I am | which is plentiful, and the only thing that as good as a boy any day! They would be cannot be explained is who were their his head he saw the loveliest little maiden surprised if they knew how much trepida- builders. But there is one ruin in the he ever beheld. Her hair fell all about her being I have and and in my fell all about her tion I have endured in my efforts to enjoy | Huachuca Mountains, which is a mystery. | in showers of gold, and her beautiful blue with them what they call 'jolly good It is two hundred miles from the ocean, eyes were turned to the sky as she kept on and around it on all sides are rocks and singing her song of loneliness and home. This simple incident needs no comment. hills of sand. There is no water for miles, not even the suggestion of it, and yet the be to keep prisoner such a dear little maidhouse is built of sea-shells, laid in cement. en !" thought Jumbles indignantly.

house would have carried his material across hard that he forgot his own fear of the the desert, when there were rocks at hand lion, and that night, when he handed the that would have served his purpose and the lion his cup of tea, he paid no attention to small slices. Then make a dressing as fol- question is—where did the shells come from? the lion's roars nor the ugly faces he was lows. Break to Br lows: Break two eggs in a dish with eight There are a dozen varieties in the walls, and making. He was considering a very bold tablespoonfule of vivos and dish with eight There are a dozen is of extraordinary size. tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one rounding one over the door is of extraordinary size. thing; he was thinking how to get the tablespoonful of butter, one loss rounding begroom inside it for five or six

> dat de worl' calls 'has beens,' " said Uncle me as you used to be," said the old lion "think of the way they harrow up us Mose, "but it looks to me lak it am a heap suspiciously.

well together, season with a little salt and pepper and make into small flat cakes; dip these in flour and put them in to the oven to be when on a well buttered pan and turn them so that both sides will be browned just so that both sides will be browned just well and to be way to become a made of the way to become a made of you to sleep?"

Little son—"What is bricks made of? How few people and of pour umbrella?"

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YOUNG FOLKS.

A Secret. When I am sent to bed at night. One candle's given me to light My way along the darkened hall, Where shadows crowd and leap and fall.

But I've two candles in my room, Which serve to banish all the gloom. A single one my bureau has, While one burns in the looking-glass.

HOW JUMBLES BECAME BRAVE.

There was once a beautiful fairy named Crystal, who lived in a most magnificent house on the top of a high mountain. This house was furnished in the most lavish manner with every splendid and costly thing which houses can have.

But there was one strange thing about heart. the house of this fairy. It had no doors. Now, this might be very queer, indeed,

for the house of an ordinary mortal, but it of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, made no difference to fairies, of course. Fairies are quite able to appear and disappear without troubling themselves to open and shut doors. They may creep in and out of windows, or blow up and down chimneys, perhaps. Anyway, this fairy could, and as she forgot all about putting doors in her house, it must have been because she had

no necessity for having them.

But one day old Lady Crystal called for a cup of tea in a hurry, for old lady fairies are fond of having frequent cups of tea. little fairy boy named Jumbles was sent to carry it to her. Now, Jumbles was not so expert at getting about without doors as some of the older fairies. At any rate, as he was passing the cup of tea down the chimney some drops of the hot tea spilled on his hand. He dropped the cup of tea in Square stove cloths, made of heavy cotton | a hurry. It fell and broke to pieces at the or linen, are preferable in many ways to the | feet of Lady Crystal, as she sat by the hearth and the tea splashed all over her gown. "You careless, blundering boy!" she

> She jumped up and struck her wand three times on the ground. "How dare you break my china in such a reckless

Little Jumbles stood trembling in front of her chair. His knees knocked together and his hair stood straight. "Please, your ladyship, I was scared,"

said little Jumbles. "Scared, indeed !" returned old Lady Crystal contemptuously. "You've got to learn to hand a cup of tea whether you are scared or not! So be off, and learn it

without delay! Don't come back until you've learned it !" Then she pulled off little Jumbles's pretty wings and left him looking like any other little boy. And then she threw him out of

the window. Little Jumbles was not hurt. He jumped up and ran away as fast as he could. He had not gone far when he met a donkey. "Where are you going, little Jumbles?"

asked the donkey. "I am going to find a master who wil teach me to hand a cup of tea without

being scared," replied Jumbles. "Come with me," said the donkey, "I'l teach you."

So every day Jumbles handed cups of tea to the donkey. And every day the donkey made the most horrible noise whenever little Jumbles appeared with his cups of tea. Jumbles was very frightened at first when he heard it. But he soon learned to hand a cup of tea without trembling in the least, no matter how loud the donkey brayed. So on day he asked permission to leave.

"Not so fast. My cousin, the ape, can teach you a thing or two !" replied the don-

So little Jumbles went to live with the ape. Now, the ape was one of the ugliest animals in the forest. And every day, when little Jumbles brought him his cup of tea, the ape would make the most terrible grimaces at him. When little Jumbles first saw the faces the ape made he was nearly frightened to death. He broke a great many cups and saucers before he succeeded in handing one properly. But after a few weeks' experience Jumbles could hand a cup of tea to the ape with a graceful air, no

my friend the lion before you consider your education finished," answered the ape,

thoughtfully. Little Jumbles was dreadfully scared at first, for the lion was not only frightfully ugly to look at, but he roared in the wickedest manner if his tea was too hot, or not sweet enough. But, besides this, little Jumbles knew that if the lion chose he could swallow

to scare any one. So for a long time Jumbles found it hard to get over his fear of the lion. Every day his knees shook and his hands trembled when he handed the lion his cup of tea. As for the lion, he took a pleasure in roaring and growling in the fiercest way whenever

little Jumbles appeared. One day when Jumbles sat outside the lion's castle wondering sadly if the day would ever come when he could return to his fairy home, he heard a sweet voice sing-

Fearless and free As a bird I would be! Far away I Would fly, would fly. Over the mountains and over the sea, To the home where my heart is longing to be

"Ah!" said Jumbles to himself, "there is someone as homesick as I am. He looked up, and at the window over

"What a cruel old monster the lion must

It is hardly likely that the builder of the He thought about the pretty prisoner so tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoon- The house has room inside it for five or six charming maiden out of the old lion's power and to carry her away with him to think these jokes about fellows having the

better fer a man to be a las-been dan to be "Oh, no, master," answered Jumbles; Host-"I hate to send you out in such

This was just what Jumbles longed to hear. He took the lion's harp, and standing before him, began to sing the maiden's

As he sang he held his head up before the lion, and he knew that he would never be afraid of lions again! And the lion's Told by Douglas Sloden in an head fell back, and he lay stretched out fast asleep. Jumbles sang louder and louder, and his song swelled out so clear and high that it reached the tower in which the captive maiden dwelt. And soon faint and sweet came her answer:

Over the mountains and over the sea, To the home where my heart longs to be,

And the lion was sound asleep! Then Jumbles stood up, and guided by the sound of the song he reached the tower where the maiden dwelt. One by one as he touched them the doors flew open before him, for nothing can stand before a fearless

"Ah, you have come," she said. "Did you expect me?" asked Jumbles.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "When I neard you singing of home I knew you were coming. You are the fearless one I have been watching for no long !" "It is becaus I have learned to be fear-

less that I came, replied Jumbles. "And now we can both a to fairyland." "Oh, yes," she answered, "I will go with you. In a far-away country I was a

Princess; but to in fairyland is better "Indeed it is!" "Slaimed Jumbles. So the Princess put her hand in his, and as she did so his pretty fairy wings sprouted out again. He flew away with her to fairyland, and when they reached the home of the fairy Crystal, what did Jumbles do but call for a cup of tea. And then he and the Princess flew down the chimney

in the far-off day when Jumbles broke the cup of tea at her feet. "Here is your cup of tea, Lady Crystal," bat, and, as the unfortunate salmon is smiled Jumbles. "I have learned to carry

with it to the Lady Crystal, who was still

sitting there, just as she had been sitting

it without spilling a drop!" "Dear me!" exclaimed Lady Crystal. "You have learned something else, I fancy! So this is what happens when a young man

sets out to be fearless!" And then Jumbles and the Princess and the Lady Crystal all took a cup of tea together. Cups of tea, like everything else, come whenever they are wanted in fairy-

STORIES OF PERIL.

Incidents of the Great Storm on the English Coast.

A despatch from Milford to the London rapers confirms the report of the steamer Kilarney's captain that it was the National near Shuswap, he is apt to use the gables of line steamship Helvetia which he tried to his hut; the Siwashes have such degradedtake in tow ten miles from Milford on looking noses that the smell does not signi-Saturday. The Helvetia's signals of dis- fy. The closeness with which salmon pack tress were answered eventually by the themselves is marvellous; they might have Government tug Storm Cock, which took studied the arrangement of a sardine tin. I her in tow and brought her to Milford have seen hundreds of them in a pool that Haven. There she now lies at anchor with her 500 steerage passengers aboard. Chief swept them out with branches before now Officer Swanston, of the steamship Hamp- in such pools and the smaller creeks. These shire, which went down off Gunnard Head, salmon average 8lb. or 9lb. apiece. It is told this story of the last part of the ves- very pretty to see them sel's voyage :- "We ran before the gale for thirty hours. Then as we saw the leak was gaining we lowered two boats and put away from the ship. The captain are fairly in fresh water; they have never commanded one and I commanded the been known to take a bait in the river. It other. The captain's boat was swamped is always said that a certain noble lord and all hands went under. My boat began signed away the whole of Washington filling and we had to jump overboard. I state to the Americans because the salmon saw nothing more of the others. I was would not rise in the Columbia. It will thrown ashore bruised, half stunned and give an idea how thick the salmon were with three ribs broken. I managed, how- when I mention that you could get plenty ever, to climb the cliffs and get help." of excitement by standing on the edge of A crowd gathered at the docks in the river and grabbling at the fish as they Liverpool Saturday night to await the went by with your hands-you did not steamship Luca ia, but she did not arrive catch any, but you could catch hold of until Sunday morning. The last passen- lots. Down below North Bend the Fraser, gers left her at 2 o'clock this afternoon. though it still runs between lofty mountains Several of them were disabled. The forested to their summits with pine, winds Lucania was towed into the Mersey, which and twists about like an eel through sand is full of wreckage. The British steamer banks and shingles beds, whose monotony Sagamore, which sailed from Boston on is varied with Chinamen sluicing the gold badly battered. Her officers say that many the miners of the Pacific coast believe to of her cattle died or had to be killed during line the mountains of British Columbia, as the storm. 'The vessel reported to have well as California. How much the Chinabeen wrecked off Sand End, Bauffshire, on | man gets out of this business no white man Friday night, was probably the steamer ever could ascertain; the white man only Moray. She had a crew of fifteen, all of gets starved. whom are supposed to have been lost. A forty ton crane used in completing the harbor at Tynemouth was blown down Saturday night and the harbor works were By Observing Them You May Be Saved a damaged to the extent of £10,000. A body was cast up on the beach at Margate tohim down like a pill, and that was enough day. It was identified as being that of the British ship Garsdale, that some time ago arrived at Hull from Tacoma, is probably lost. She was being taken to the Tyne in tow. When off Flamborough head, on the North sea, the tow lines parted and the

Garsdale went adrift. TRAINS DELAYED BY SNOW. A heavy snow fall is reported in some parts of the country. A train left Saffron-Walden, in Essex, at 8 o'clock in the morning for Haverhill. It got stuck in the snow at Bartlow, and finding it impossible to proceed returned to Saffron-Walden. The snow lies in drifts twelve feet deep on railroads. The 4.45 train from London for Cambridge was snowd in yesterday morning near Royston One hundred men worked all day in diging out the train. Snow ploughs had gone on in advance of the train and they were inbedded in the drifts. Towards night the track was sufficiently clear for the train to proceed. All went well until Harston was reached where the train stuck again. The passengers then abandoned it. Mrs. Eyre, a local carrier, of Smalley, was found dead in the snow yesterday on the road to Derby, to which place she had started to walk Saturday.

Mr. Snarley-"Your sex are natural born scandal-mongers. I often wonder how you manage to get hold of all the latest scandals of the day." The ladies (in chorus)-" Our husbands and brothers bring them home from the club to us."

"Do you know," said Cholly Bitkins, " ticket but no ovahcoat a'he vewy wude and "Folks is always makin' fun of de fellers "It seems to me you are not so afraid of impwopah." "So do I," said Billy Batkins;

"I am learning to be fearless. That is a blustering night as this, old fellow." the same as that of literature—having Little son -"What is bricks made of?" the way to become a man. Shall I sing Guest-"It is raining pretty hard. I say, something in the mind-something to say. couldn't you loan me your umbrella?" Yet how few people have minds furnished

STORIES

OF THE FRASER.

English Paper.

We are now right in the Siwash country. Siwash is the name you apply to the male Coast-Indians; a woman is a Klootchman. All down the valley of the great river-the lordly Fraser-one sees at short intervals the pathetic little graveyards, with crosses and flags and fluttering rags, and evidences of your being among fish-loving people. The salmon is to the Indian of British Columbia what the maize was to the Six Nations, and the aloe to the Aztec. In the summer he eats it fresh, in the winter he eats it the reverse of fresh. Salmon on the march up the Fraser are a sight never to be forgotten. Far above North Bend, not very much below Lytton, we first saw them -the rather inferior variety known as Sock-Eyes. Five different families of salmon migrate up the Fraser every year. The column was

MANY MILES LONG, and, as far as one could judge, about 10 feet wide and several feet deep. They had been so buffeted in their long journey from the sea that the column looked blood-red, for the Fraser is a masterful river, running like a millrace, and in its narrow gorges, where there are immense bodies of water to be carried off through gates of rock, often from 50 feet to 100 feet deep. Even steamers can make no headway above Yale, and the poor salmon have to creep up the sides out of the current, and are often half an hour in doubling the angle of a justing headland. The Indians take advantage of this, and build stages rickety enough to give a white man the vertigo, against the face of the rocks at these points, where they stand with a pole-net made like a huge lacrosse

struggling round the corner. SCOOP HIM OUT.

They can often get them much more easily, because the salmon in their anxiety to lay their eggs, press up every little creek in search of a resting place. In the main stream they are driven ruthlessly on by the vast army of their fellows behind till they reach the Shuswap Lakes, just as the Irish were crowded out of Europe into Ireland by the Teutons and Scandinavians and others of the Indo-Germanic family, who were in such a hurry to get away from the roof of the world (if the Pamirs were really the cradle of civilization).

When the Indian has caught his salmon he splits them up and hangs them in the sun to dry on a frame, which looks as if it was the skeleton of a barn. Higher up,

would not hold a billiard table; people have

CROSSING AN EDDY.

They do not seem to feed when once they November 7th, is in the Mersey. She is washed down from the Bonanzas, which all

COLD WEATHER RULES.

Sick Spell This Winter. Never lean with the back upon anything

that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold. Keep the back, especially between the

shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish a habit of breathing through the nose, and

never with the mouth open. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion and other

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dasgerous to health or even life:

When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose before it reaches the

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.

The secret of interesting conversation is

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